The News-Herald.

WEATREMAY JUNE 18. 1886.

HILLSBORS 1 : OHIO.

O, the comes in all and saturation in the second of the second

soon took the gloom and care out of my own sad heart, and I laughed, chatted and sang with them all, and was as gay as the gayest.

An hour later, as we were passing under a low balcony an unseen woman suddenly began singing one of the sweet songs of France, my own dear country. The song came from a throat as fiexible as a bird's and as full of music. We paused beneath the balcony until the song was done; then I threw the singer a handful of white lilies and we drifted slowly away.

Five minutes later all the mirth and music on the lagoon stopped instantly, and in its stead was a great and awful silence. It was caused by a wild cry—a scream so terrible that it seemed to curdle the blood in every heart—which came from the balcony where I had just thrown the lilies. One only utters such a cry when in mortal agony or mortal terror; and in this case it seemed in spired by both. There were blanched faces and staring eyes everywhere. All were listening for a repetition of the decading the same and taring eyes everywhere. All were listening for a repetition of the decading the same and taring eyes everywhere. spired by both. There were blanched faces and staring eyes everywhere. All were listening for a repetition of the dreadful sound. Ours was the only gondola which moved. All the others seemed enchained or spell-bound by that awful cry. My gondolier, as if by instinct, anticipated my wish, and sent our graceful craft flying through the water until we were once more under the balcony whence the song and the cry came. Clutching the low railing I swiftly drew myself up, but there was no one in sight. Through a window before me I heard a stifled cry of pain, and instantly rushed in the direction it came from.

The lights were dim, but in an inner room I saw the outline of a woman's form, and heard the rustle of silken garments. A black shadow seemed standing between us, and then, all at once, the woman gave the

black shadow seemed standing oetween us, and then, all at once, the woman gave the awful cry again, sprang forward, and threw herself into my arms. Her heart was beating wildly, and there was agory and terror in her every movement.
"Do not move," she said, "do not stir. I am in danger, but I shall be safe if you hold

am in danger, but I shall be safe if you hold me fast for a moment."

I clasped her closely to my breast, and she flung her arms tightly about my neck. Then I again saw the shadow. It had a man's shape, but as it came forward the fearful color of its face and the still more hideous glow in its eyes made it seem like some flend or vampire. It came very close to me and breathed its hot, scorching breath into my face. From impulse, I raised my hand and struck at it, but it darted backward and laughed at me in a way which I shall never forget.

"Do not," said the woman; "do not move at all. He will go presently and leave us alone."

way which I shull never forget.

"Do not," said the woman: "do not move at all. He will go presently and leave us alone."

I was wonderfully pusseled by the strange scene. It seemed to me too much life the Middle Age diablerie and nonsense to be real. But there was no mistake about it; the woman was still in my arms panting with fright, and yonder, in the middle of the floor, stood the flend, or whatever it was, grinning and hissing at me. Just behind me I could hear the other revelers who had been with me on the lagoons. Recovered frout their surprise at the alarmothey were alians come to investigate, and into the room where I was balcoury and the woman and the goblin. My ays was firmly fixed upon the latter when the others began clambering over the balcony.

Buddenly, and without a sound, the sinister presence vanished. How, I could never tell. It is barrely possible that he darted through some unseen door and out along some mysterious hallway, or he might have melted into thin air. That point I have never been able to decide. I only know that I was looking straight at the eerie shape, when suddenly the space which it had filled became empty.

Then the woman released herself from my emphrace, and, slipping her hand into tyract those who wipoet till coming in through the open windows from over the balcony.

I thank you all for coming," she said, 'though the danger is past now. I was seriously disturbed and greatly frightened by a most unwelcome intruder, whom the gentleman at my side has driven away. The object of my alarm will not return again, so I will do mot the honor to stay and partake of my hopitality. I will order refreshments if you will permit and soon I again heard their music and laughter, as that goes and heaved the remains and my also has drived and the provided the lips of a woman. Earth never laws of the provided the lips of a woman. Earth n

"Must you go!" she said, plaintwely;
"can you not stay with me for a little
wine!"

It was then, for the first time, that I discovered how beautiful she was. Her hair
was long and heavy and yellow, like gun
gold. Few women ever have such hair;
perhaps Godiva and Brunhilde wers so favored, but even that is doubtful. Her face,
meck and arms were of perfect shape and
as white as marble, excepting a single
flash of red upon each cheek. But her
foremost charm—the one wherein she surpassed all other women—lay in her deep,
black eyes. They were entirely, absolutely black; not the kind of eyes which are
commonly, by a polite fiction, so termed:
that there was no trace of any other color
in them or about them save the great milkwhite pearls which served as their setting.
Her lashes, too, were long and dusky,
and when she wished if, completely
velled the wonderful eyes which had
so powerfully impressed me. Though

"Then," I cried, "you shall be my wife
to-morrow."

For a moment she was 'silent, but there
was nother count in the attemt one was another comen to me the room; a sound to one, which at first made her shudder. It was
such a tremulous cadence as might be
brought from a lute if one lightly touched he brought from a lute if one lightly touched he brought from a lute if one lightly touched he brought from a lute if one lightly touched he brought from a lute if one lightly too with a sigh. There times the sound was repeated, and each time it was fainter than
before. My wonderment was fainter than
before. My was unexpected carees on the part
of my betrothed. Standing upon her tiptoes she had raised her lips to mine and
kissed me.

"It shall be as you say," she said, smilling
at my surprise.

The naxt day we were married. For a
year we lived together in uninterrupted
happiness, sometimes in Youlce. As the
seemed most contented in the latter place
we were there the greater part of our lime.

On the anniversary of the day of our first meeting she was strangely quiet and down cast. At nightfall we stood togsther in the same balcony where, a year before, she sang that sweet French ballad as my gondola was passing. By arm was about her waist, and I could plainly feel the beating of her beart.

"Why are you so agitated and yet so quiet?" I asked.

"I can not answer you now," she said, "but I beg that you will sit here and hold me in your arms until midnight."

Presently she seemed calm again, and once more the French ballad rang out along the lagoon from her perfect throat. Apparently there was no change in the scene, outwardly, since the year before. Barges and gondolas were fitting about in all directions, and from everywhere came music, laughter and merry voices. My wife sang song after song, until she was tired, and then, pulling my face down to here wish both her hands she kissed me.

"It was just a year ago to-night," she said, "that you first came to me. I had already seen you many times, and loved you with my heart's first love. I sang that night because I hoped that my song might reach your ears and bring you to me. You did come under my balcony, and I kissed the lilles that your hands threw to me. Danger came, and you saved me. You loved me at once, and so we were married. Since then I doubt if God, whose eternal curse I once thought was upon me, has ever given so much happiness to any woman."

Her large dark eyes were luminous and full of tears, and her face had never seemed so beautiful to me before. I was about answering her, when suddenly the air about us was filled with a strange hissing sound, which made my wife's flesh quiver like shaken jelly. She clutched me closely and looked wildly up into my face. The smile she saw there seemed to content her, for she gave a little sigh of relief and nestled quietly down into my arms.

All at once the hissing stopped and a shadow fell across us. Before I could raise my eyes my wife again uttered the same dreadful ory which had summoned me to her as

tell you that which was due you a year ago."

"Do not speak of it or think of it." I anwered. "So long as you love me, and are happy with me, I am satisfied."

"One thing I must say," she said, "else our love will soon be desolated. You must be with me on the next anniversary of this night, and must keep your arms about me from sunset until midnight. After that I will forever be safe."

I was nusyled, amassed and bewildered by

will forever be safe."

I was puzzled, amazed and bewildered by
the whole affair; but the subject distressed
and pained her, and I loved her too well to
let her talk about it. And, lest she should
fathom my thoughts, I kept the uncanny
mystery as much as possible out of my
mind.

mystery as much as possible out of my mind.

Two months later we went to live in France, and finally in Germany. Excepting a month, another year had passed since our wedding.

One day at the beginning of this last month, I was walking alone in the forest, when I suddenly caught one foot under some hard substance which nearly flung me upon my face. Glancing back at the cause of possible disaster, I saw, partially imbedded in the ground, a thin oval plate, which seemed to have several words engraved upon one side. Picking it up, I found that it was made of silver, and that it was very old. The inscription, which was in Italian, was as follows:

MICHAEL SPEEKI.

MICHARL SPEEZ, Claimed by the Devil, June 10, 1560,

"And that," she said, "will be when you are tired of me."

She called for wine, but we scarcely tasted it though we sat together in the monlight until long after the hour of midnight was struck from the clock towers. Times unnumbered a shadow came upon in her face, and I saw that she was about disclosing something which pained her, and closing something which pained her, and is o each time I diverted her from her purpose, and in the said would have said.

When I had stayed until I feared that the lateness of the hour might distress her. I reluctantly arose to go. It was then that my ardent impetuoaity overcame me altogether, and I begged leave to come to her baicony every night.

"Do not deny me," I pleaded, "for I love you and want to win you for my own. If From this night I shall have no separate existence—my whole being is merged into yours, and the hours I spend apart from you henceforth can never again be called life."

Was in Italian, was as follows:

MICHAEL SPEZIZ,
Claimed by the Devil,
June 10, 180.
On my way hone I met a German savant with whom I was intimate. I showed him the plate, and was surprised to see an expression of the most intense horror come upon his face.

"There is a terrible story connected with this thing," he said, after a moment. "Michael Spezii was a half German, half Italian, who came here into the Hartz Mountains about 1590. He was of royal blood, and married a niece of the King. Five years later a daughter was born to disfavor with the King and went to live in France. But when Spezzi's beautiful daughter was about twenty-five disaster again came upon him. He had no alternative, so history says, except appealing to the devil. The fiend came in answer to Spezzi's incantation, and promised him every thing he wanted. The price devended to the service of the servi existence—my whole being is merged into yours, and the hours I spend apart from you henceforth can never again be called life."

Emotion after emotion thrilled her as I spoke until she seemed to have felt every thing that the heart can feel. She made me no answer, but, pale and trembling, stood helplessly with her hands in mine.

"Will you not speak!" I murmured, bending over her.

"Speak!" she cried, "how can I! There is more to say than you, in your wildest imaginings, can ever dream. You should have heard me before you said so much. Now you have silenced me, and the wretched words which should come from my lips would choke me if I tried to say them.

"Justice to you demands that I should speak.—"

"It me leave them unsaid."

"Justice to you demands nothing which can distress you." I interposed.

"You do not know how much I have to say shout.—"

"Speak! What are they!"

"Speak! What are they!"

"No."

"Is any living man the possessor of your heart!"

Again the rich crimson tide swept over the rear newly and should me."

"That is the story. It is said that the devil came for Spezzi, and that his relatives put

foiled.

"That is the story. It is said that the devil came for Spezzi, and that his relatives put this very silver plate upon his tomb, which was made in some unknown corner in the Harts mountains. Nobody knows what befell the daughter. It is very singular, though, that you should have found the plate; it has been lost so long."

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"SOMEWHERE." Heigh-ho! What frolics we might see, if it only happened to you and me To be born in some far-of clime, in the opunitry of Somewhere, once time!

Why, once on a time there were mount full of jewels, and treasures toid:
There were birds just waiting to fly before And show you the way to the magical door and, under a tree, there was sure to be a queer little woman to give you the key; And a tiny, dancing, good-natured elf. To say, with his scepter: "Help yourself!" For millions of dollars grew from a dime in the country of Somewhere, once-of time.

If we lived in the country of Sc Could do whatever you chose to do.
Instead of a boy, with the garden to wee
You might be a kn ght, with a sword of Instead of a gri, with a towel to hem, I might be a Princest, with robe and gem, with a gay little page, and a harper old. Who knew all the stories that ever w told—

Stories in prose, and stories in rhyme, That happened somewhere, once-on-a-time

In the country of Somewhere, no one looks At more and blackboards and gramm books: For all your knowledge just grows and grows, Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in a

Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in And if ever I chance, on a fortunate day, To that wonderful region to find my way, Why then, if the stories all are true, As quick as I can. I'll come for you. And we'll row away to its happy shores. In a silver shallop with golden oars.—Emily Huntington Miller, in St. Nicholas.

SNOOKS.

Queer Title, and How It Was

Snooks did not live in the church, but in the big, old-fashioned parsonage, just beside it, and, from his regular attendance at church, gained the title: "The Church Cat." When only a kitten, he once followed the minister to church, and thereafter was always on hand, both for morning and evening service. At such times pussy knew better than to frisk and gambol; as grave and sedate as the minister, he would walk solemnly in, jump into a corner seat near the pulpit, where he would sit bolt upright during the invocation and first hymn, his eyes fixed on the minister. Then he would curl up for a nap, as much as to say: "Things will go on all right now."

on all right now."

Snooks was a very playful cat. We had a soft ball of knitted worsted, fastened to a string a half yard long, which we tied to his tail. The cat would wait quietly until he was sure the string was secure, then off he would spring in a circle, faster and faster, until the ball fairly whizzed as it struck the air. He had another game with the ball which greatly amused the little folks. Springing on to the seat of a straight-backed chair, he would let the ball dangle from his tail to the floor; then he would leap over the high back, the ball careering wildly after floor; then he would leap over the high back, the ball careering wildly after him. This would frighten most cats, but Snooks would do it over and over again to a delighted audience. Pussy was always rewarded for his performance by a bit of cake, of which he was very fond.

Snooks was never cross with the children. Little Robin could pull his tail, make him walk on his hind legs, roll him over and over on the floor.

tail, make him walk on his hind legs, roll him over and over on the floor, and the cat would submit quietly. When tired of this he would bite Robin's hand softly, as much as to say: "There, that will do for this time." When the children went out to play Spooks went with them. When the children went out to play Snooks went with them. After a stray leaf bloom by the wind he would rush madly—his ears pointing forward, his tail erect: or, if no better plaything was at hand, he would toss up a pebble and run after it. Snooks added much to the children's sports. Dandelions and violets were thrust in his collar; he was pulled this way and that; he was half-buried in dirt. All this he bore good-humoredly. He would not, however, allow himself to be harnessed to the little red cart. This was a great

kitchen. Snooks had been put up garret to catch mice. The girl was quietly reading, her back to the stairway, when click, up went the latch of the door and down sprang kitty! The book went one way and the girl went the other, screaming loudly. The next day she gave notice that she must leave: "I couldn't stay; I couldn't, ma'am, with a cat that unlatches doors!" think the whole kingdom was going to destruction.

The grumbler and growler, whether he knows it or not, is both cowardly and selfish; he harms himself and every body near him. But the brave, cheerful, hopeful spirit, ready to bear its share of hardships, courageously, and make the best of whatever happens, is a blessing to itself and all around it,

couldn't stay; I cowidn't, ma'am, with a cat that unlatches doors!"

There was also a dog at the parsonage. Scoot was his name. He was a very mischievous puppy; fond of going to church, too, only in a different way. He used to steal into the vestibule during service and carry away any stray rubbers he could spy, to the dismay of those who had before them the prospect of a long, muddy walk; for what was most puzzling, like the women grinding at the mill, one rubber was taken and one was left. Scoot was not thought the culprit until one morning, when the kitchen door was opened at daybreak, a motley array of rubbers ranged on the top step met our astonished gaze. The rubbers were returned to their owners, and Scoot for the future was tied up on Sunday. The dog and cat were excellent playmate, and their frolics were very amusing. Snooks would not permit too much familiarity, and when the occasion definition of the control of

him. In vain did Snooks spit and hiss. His struggles only made the hen more frantic. The hen took such revenge for her lost chickens, that when the cat was released from the bag, he ran under the barn, where he remained the rest of the day, licking his awollen face. Snooks gave the chickens a wide berth after that. He would sit afar off, watching the gambols of the feathered tribe with a mournful gase which saids "Chicken meat is very nice, but the fun isn't worth the pain."

Snooks grew to be quite an old cat, though he never lost his playful ways. After an honored and peaceful life, he met a dreadful fate. One year the parsonage was troubled with files; screens and fly-paper falled to keep them out of the house, so a package of cobalt was bought, with strict injunctions to Sally, the cook, never to take the dish contairing it from the high mantel where it was out of the reach of little fingers. But, alas, one scrubbing day, before the children had come from the nursery, Sally placed the dish of poison on the table. Snooks was thirsty, and, thinking the dish held water, drank. In an agony of pain he rushed from the house. Sally ran after him, in the hope of catching him and administering something to counteract the effects of the deadly poison. Snooks took refuge under the bara. In vain we called: "Krity, kitty, kitty! O, Snooks, do come out!" All was still. All day we watched tearfully for him, but not until the morning after was Snooks found, stiff and cold, in the garden. The children were inconsolable, and a mournful procession attended the burial in the corner of the garden, where the remains of the dear departed were placed. A flat stone marks the spot. For a long time after, the tiny mound was covered with the floral offerings the door-yard afforded, as a lowing tribute to the memory of Snooks, "The Church Cat."—Lillian T. Roberts, in Congregationalist. Snooks, "The Church Cat."-T. Roberts, in Congregationalist

JOE'S SIGN.

"Grumbling and Growling Done Cheap Plenty of Material Always on Hand." "Shall we call for Joe?" asked boy, somewhat hesitatingly, as he and his friend were starting on a fishing excursion.

his friend were starting on a fishing excursion.

"No, sir," answered the other, emphatically. "If the sun shines it will be too hot for him, and if it rains it will be too wet for him. If there are any pebbles on the road they will be sure to get into his shoes, and wherever we stop to fish he will know that it's a poor place, not half so good as one a little farther up or a little down the river. Nothing will suit him, and he will spoil all the fun. I'd like to paint a sign to hang over his door:

"Grumbling and Growling done Cheap.

Plenty of Material always on Hand."

It is a pity that Joe could not have heard the conversation; and there are many other Joes whose doors deserve the same sign. Grumbling is the easiest business in the world to learn, but it is one of the most unprofitable after it is learned. It is useless to the one who engages in it, for it never yet made a rough road smoother, a heavy burden lighter or a long day shorter. It never mends ills; it always adds to them. And it is a useless business to other people, for it furnishes wares that nobody wants.

"I always try to have an errand out of my office when that man comes in," said a lawyer, speaking of an acquaints.

"I always try to have an errand out of my office when that man comes in," said a lawyer, speaking of an acquaintance one day. "He is not a bad man, but he is always complaining of the miserable weather and all his rheumatics, aches and pains—tells how the crops are blighted, what banks have failed, and how dull business is, until he makes me feel blue in spite of myself. He sees the worst side of every thing, and grumbles over all he sees. I make a point of running away from him whenever I can."

But that man is only a Joe grewn up, and the habit of complaining and

however, allow himself to be harnessed to the little red cart. This was a great sorrow to Robin, for a little neighbor sorrow to Robin, for a little neighbor had a dog that drew his cart, and Robin did not see why a cat would not do as well Pussy evidently thought otherwise, for he would lie down, obstinately refusing to budge an inch, and the hope of training him into a beast of burden was given up.

On the doors of the house were great old-fashioned latches. Snooks learned to open the doors by jumping up and striking the latch with his paw, so that he could come and go as he chose. One night a new servant-girl was in the kitchen. Snooks had been put up garret to catch mice. The girl was quietly

Hartz mountains. Nobody knows what be fell the daughter. It is very singular though, that you should have found the state of the said say who the miss who had before them the proposition of the said say who is miss was thind the state of the said say who is miss was thind the state of the said say who is miss was thind the state of the said say who is miss who had before them the proposition of the said say who is miss was thind the state of the said say who is miss who had before them the proposition of the kinds of the said say who is the said say who is miss who is a state of the said say who is miss who is a state of the said say who is miss who is a state of the said say who is said to say the said say who is th

TEMPERANCE READING.

LABOR TO SAVE.

Do not utter the careless words;
"Oh, there is nothing for me to do!"
Fields are open on every side,
Watting for workers strong and trus.
Golden moments are speeding fast,
Gladly labor while yet you may!
Oh, remember ere 'tis too late,
Somebody's boy needs aid to-day.

I see a stream with surface fair.
The tempter calls with a dulcet note,
But a gulf of the drags of dark despair
Await the voyagors as they float
Slowly out from the friendly shore.
Over this stream of wide renown,
Over this river that leads to death,
Bomebody's boy is drifting down!

Mother, bending with levelit eyes
Over the jewels that blees your home,
With waking dreams of a rosy hue.
Spanning the years that are yet to come,
Other lips have been pure as those.
Others have worn that guildeless brow,
Other mothers have loved—and lost!
Ask the fiend of the wine cup, how!

Oh, for the love you feel for those
Safe in the sound of your crudie song!
Oh, by the beautiful bopes you hold.
Wreathing a manhood proud and strong
Falter not, though each set of sun
Find you with sching heart and brow,
Eager to grasp a helping hand,
Somebody's boy is waiting now!

Let us labor, with purpose firm,
And with a charity pale and sweet:
May Heaven help us to make the path
Easy for all the way ward feet.
Count as nothing the sneers we meet,
Count our happiness as useurpassed,
If by a word or a deed of ours
Bomebody's boy is saved at jast!
—Afra. Orie A. Bios, in Union Signal.

ALCOHOL AND MORTALITY. It an Exaggeration to Say That One Hundred Thousand Die From Its Use

Our readers will remember that we quoted a statement from the Voice in which that paper asserted that it is an exaggeration to claim that 100,000 drunkards die annually, and that in our comments we said that while probably not 100,000 died drunk or drunkards, more than twice that number died in consequence of the use of liquor by themselves or others.

The Missouri Submissionist quotes our reply and claims our statement is a whopper that will create envy in the breast of Eli Perkins. The Voice, to attience. At each station, one if not

too much of our fellow men to have the slightest sympathy with his plea for the privilege of drinking rum. As long as we have rum we shall not quarrel with anybody who differs with us in belief or practice, but we shall never willingly do any thing which will enable a man to buy more rum.

The rum traffic is a sufficient burden upon decent people and tax-payers at best, without assessing employers directly to sustain it. It is far better, better for himself and better for the community at large, for a workman to receive so little pay that he can not buy rum than it is to have enough to enable him to fill himself. If the rumshop could be eliminated from the labor problem, it would be easier of solution by a very large per cent. The money spent for liquor in this country is much greater than that spent for any article of consumption, and several times more than that spent for education. Comment upon such a state of affairs is entirely unnecessary. It is incredible that a nation in which there are so many who complain of an impossibility to get on in the world should support a hundred rum-shops to one school-house, and guzzle rum as if it were a necessary article of consumption. Further, the saloon always furnishes the fame that bursts forth into riot and bloodshed. It is the enemy of the working-man and every body else. But thousands of working-men are ready to boycott any thing before they will boycott the rumshop. Many a man could live well and save money upon his present wages, if he would let rum alone, but as long as he is a patron to the bar-room it is not likely that he would be paid enough to enable him to live decently or to save a cent.—Western Rural. cent. - Western Rural.

A COMPETENCE

How Total Abstinance Pays from a Money Stand-Point—The Sensible In our travels in various parts of the

line it is an encouraging sign of the ben-

stinence. At each station, one if not prove that it was an exaggeration, put the total number of deaths in 1880 at more, of the staff can readily be 472,000. The census puts them at 756. 472,000. The census puts them at 756.892.

The following statement from the vice-president of the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company is an opinion worthy of quoting in this connection as a starting point in the investigation.

"I suppose that, next to pulmonary dischoolism than from any other one cause."

The census shows that there were poly, 455 deaths from pulmonary discases, and next in the list are diseases to do more to awaken kindly sympathy and encouragement than all the eases, more persons come to their death by alcoholism than from any other one cause. The census shows that there were 199, 455 deaths from pulmonary diseases, and next in the list are diseases, and next in the list are diseases, of the nervous system which are given at 83,670, so that deaths from alcohol according to this high authority must be between 83,970 and 199,455, and it does not smack much of exaggeration to say that 100,000 die from the results of the use of alcohol.

Every well-informed physician knows that a large per cent. of the deaths at tributed to enteric fever, diarrheal diseases, consumption and diseases of the nervous and digestive systems are the results, direct or inherited, of the use of alcohol.

The total of these deaths was 298, 785, and put the rate caused by alcohol. The total number of deaths of children under five years of age was 478,075. The largest mortality among children in the tenement-house districts of larger cities where alcoholism is omnipresent as a disease, with its resultant poverty and starvation to which must be accredited a great portion of the infantile mortality. To place the whole number, not included in the other classes, traceable to alcohol as the immediate or remote cause of death at ten per cent. would be a low estimate. This would give us 47,807 deaths among children caused by inherited alcoholism or due to the exposure, negulation of the exposure, negulation or due to the classes, traceable to alcohol as the importance of the context of